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## BRIEF MENTION.

One of our most highly esteemed contemporaries—to use a consecrated phrase—gives up every week a page to innocent merriment, if according to Proverbs any merriment is innocent. It is a bad plan to have a ‘funny column’, whether it ‘bangs creation’ or not, and the ‘lines’ that are forced out ‘of a jester’s notebook’, like tooth-paste from a tube, never fail to plunge me into a profound melancholy, due, as my enemies might say, to the collapse of my own essays in the world of bubbles. Just a quarter of a century has passed since a super-fine British reviewer informed me that when I adopted the lighter style, I failed both in humour and in charm. No wonder, then, that the pain was renewed when I read not long ago in Wells’s *George Moon* the profane but effective exclamation, *Scholastic humour, O God!* Scholastic humour is humour that requires the background of scholarship, a massive old wall on which the sickly sunlight is to play, and nowadays there is only a ‘bowing wall and a tottering fence’. In fact, there is no wall, no fence, and the cryptic jokes the scholasticus intended for the amusement of the esoterics fail for lack of a reflecting surface. Some years ago a writer was brought sharply to book for shewing that he was familiar with Scott, and I have known my own allusions to Dickens to perish in the inane. Indeed, all allusions are barred by the wider range of the public, and the increasing periphery of ignorance. Elusive humour is left to the eluder himself, and a keen sense of humour, as George Meredith has pointed out, dooms the humorist for the most part to a solitary chuckle. Of course, a professional comedian keeps the student on the alert. Aristophanes continues to furnish a host of problems, and a German scholar, Carl Holzinger, has gained considerable repute by his resolute search in the dim recesses of Aristophanes’ plays on words. Attic law required the searcher for stolen goods to strip himself for his task. Unfortunately, the German too often fails to lay aside his ‘Pickelhaube’ and his ‘Gamaschen’. Plato, however, as eluder or as alluder, is in my judgment one of the loneliest of souls. There is no guffaw in Plato except dramatically. He despises the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind. The smile that plays about the lips of the Zeus of Greek literature in the heyday of his power is hidden deep in his ambrosial beard. He wrote one farce, the *Euthydemus*, to shew that he could write a farce, and then he stinted.

In the Laws the humour is grim. Plato is old. Perhaps he had to keep Philip of Opus awake. Perhaps he had grown weary of the pawkiness of Sokrates, the file-leader of the 'Quid est?' quiz. Among the various speculations as to the amusements of those who dwell in limbo, such as Pindar's blessed spirits indulged in, nothing could be more diverting to minds of a certain order than Plato's supposed comments on the interpretation of his Cratylus. And this reminds me of the use Mr. GARROD has recently made in the *Classical Quarterly* of one of Plato's mock etymologies. ἄλοχος means 'bed-fellow'. Theoretically it ought to be of both genders, but it is a tribute to Ionic wholesomeness that it is feminine only, except to Professor Buchholz, who wrote a book on Homerische Realien. But if anything is real, it is a bed-fellow. What was Buchholz thinking of? Perhaps the learned German was thinking of Catullus' 'Concubine'. Perhaps he was not thinking at all, as sometimes happens even to learned Germans. Now it is not in the Cratylus that Plato has his jest about ἄλοχος but in the Theaetetus, and this may have thrown Mr. GARROD off the track. In the Theaet. 149 B, Plato says: αἰτίαν δὲ τούτου <τοῦ τὰς μαίας ἥδη ἀδυνάτους οὔσας τίκειν ἄλλας μαιεύεσθαι> φασὶν εἶναι τὴν Ἄρτεμιν, ὅτι ἄλοχος οὔσα τὴν λοχείαν εἴληχε. That Theaetetus does not protest against the etymology is part of the fun. He is simply bewildered. It is a jest like the etymology of Σελήνη (Cratyl. 409 B), one of the manifestations of Artemis. It is a joke of which Pindar was incapable, and yet Mr. GARROD fancies that he has thrown a new and beautiful light on a famous passage of Pindar by assuming the Platonic significance of ἄλοχος in O. 10 (11), 94: ἀλλ' ὥτε παῖς ἐξ ἀλόχου πατρὶ | ποθευνὸς ἱκοντι νεότατος τὸ πάλιν ἥδη, | μάλα δέ οἱ θερμαίνει φιλότατι νόον. If the old gentleman of Pindar's comparison had learned to distrust his powers, he ought to have chosen a mate who had proved her resources. Mr. GARROD's new interpretation has brought the same joy to me as Mr. Fennell's comment on N. I, where Pindar's hero is illustrated by Molière's Amphitryon (A. J. P. XXVI 361). In both cases I share the delighted astonishment of the putative father of Herakles, ἔσταν δὲ θάμβει δυσφόρῳ τερπνῶ τε μυθείας.

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Fulsere vere candidi <mihi> soles—those days of 1880 in Oxford and Cambridge, when an American Hellenist, lonely all his professorial life as to his favorite studies, was admitted to the companionship of the foremost scholars of England. 'Candidi soles' but only in a figure, for it was in a pouring rain, as I have recorded elsewhere, that Robinson Ellis recited to me long passages from his beloved Petronius (A. J. P. XXXIV 496). A fine morning, however, fine in every sense of the word, was the morning I spent with Ingram Bywater

in his rooms at Exeter, part of the time pacing up and down the 'hortus conclusus' of the college and talking of Dion Chrysostomos, who was engaging my attention at the time. I recall his illuminating comment on an author whom he knew far better than I did, and how sharp was his dissidence from those English Grecians who never go farther down than Aristotle and heap scorn on the Graeculi. It was no surprise to me to find in the catalogue of his books a number of editions of Dion. No wonder that I remember gratefully his various courtesies to me on my occasional visits to England. I read and re-read with deepest interest the tributes paid to him in the last number of the *Journal of Philology*, of which he had been the editor. They reveal in a measure the wide interests of the scholar. They give some notion of his vast and accurate learning. They afford some glimpses of the man Bywater, which will waken precious memories in the minds of those who were privileged to know him. Bywater was so much more than the prince of Aristotelians that he was.

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In the jubilee number of the *Nation*, published July 7 of this year, I mentioned among my memorable contributions—memorable at least to me—the account I gave in 1880 of my visit to Mill Hill:

Mill Hill, I said, the seat of the scriptorium presided over by Dr. Murray—now Sir James Murray, as our English friends never fail to add. It was the first account published (by an American), and as a trip to Mill Hill was in the nature of a pilgrimage, I was heartily welcomed by the illustrious editor <of the Philological Society's Dictionary, afterwards familiarly known as the Oxford Dictionary>, who accompanied me on my way to Hampstead, where I was to dine with another celebrity, Sweet. As we walked across fields, Dr. Murray (now Sir James) confided to me that the only people that took an interest in the English language were Scotchmen <perhaps he said 'Scots'> and Americans. Twenty-five years afterwards the Scot <chman> and the American were to meet at Oxford as old friends.

I had hoped that this reminiscence of our first meeting and our last would catch the eye of my warm-hearted friend, but a few days afterwards he lay dead (July 26), and he can hardly have seen the paragraph which I had written with his genial personality present to my mind. In 1881 I gave ample space to an announcement of the Oxford Dictionary, prepared by Professor ALBERT S. COOK (A. J. P. II 550-554), with a reproduction of a specimen page; and from the beginning (A. J. P. V 361-366) until now the progress of the great undertaking has been followed in the *Journal* year after year by Professor JAMES M. GARNETT, one of the earliest and most faithful contributors to the *Journal*. Owing to the multiplication of philological organs in America, the English element has not been so conspicuous in these pages as it might have been. It is natural that specialists should seek the company

of specialists, and yet no range of study can or ought to afford greater delight to those of us who are born to the heritage of that noble tongue which some German chauvinistes have lately called a piratical jargon, destined to eke out a forlorn existence in the recesses of that tight little island, soon to be made tighter by the iron ring of German supremacy. Of course, all sensible Germans laugh at such extravagances, and even those who look forward to the conquest of the world profess that they will graciously allow the natural unfolding of the national spirit in letters and art. As for me, I have frankly confessed that I am still a colonial in the matter of English, and if my language is not English, it is because I know no better; so that I was not a little amused when I came across a letter of Robinson Ellis's in which he informed me that he was about to turn over my little book 'Hellas and Hesperia' to Dr. Murray, as doubtless affording American material for the great dictionary. Another purist—if I may call myself one—a warm personal friend of Sir James and an indefatigable contributor to the stores of the great Oxford Dictionary, Professor HENRY E. SHEPHERD, has furnished the local press with a tribute to Sir James's life and work, an extract from which may fittingly close this notice, otherwise sadly inadequate.

"The foremost of our contemporary scholars in his critical as well as comprehensive knowledge of the origin and development of our native language, has passed from us while the colossal dictionary to which his life and his marvellous acquirements had been consecrated was approaching its final stage. A vague dread, a dim presentiment that he might not see the end, at times possessed him, and at all periods of the fast-speeding years he might be found at his accustomed place in the scriptorium with the coming of the morning light. In winter as in summer 6 A. M. saw the great researcher absorbed in his far-ranging labors. The Oxford Dictionary is unique in the history of lexicography. The number of contributors extends into the thousands, and embraces the most representative and enlightened culture, not of Europe alone, but of our own country. Yet with his unchallenged pre-eminence in his lofty sphere, our princely scholar was devoid of arrogance or assumption of infallibility, untouched by pedantry or by the loftiness of asserted superiority; accessible ever to counsel or suggestion, at no time impervious to ideas, and in his social as well as his professional relations distinguished, without variation or caprice, by graciousness, sweetness and light.

And he was worthy; full of power;  
As gentle, liberal-minded, great,  
Consistent; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower.

HENRY E. SHEPHERD".

July 28.

W. P. M.: Students of the Pastoral will be interested in a new edition of Boccaccio's *Buccolicum Carmen*, by GIACOMO LIDONNICI (Città di Castello: S. Lapi, 1914, 355 pp. L. 4.00). This professes to be a faithful copy of the "autografo Riccardiano", with some slight changes in punctuation and spelling. It is perhaps too faithful a copy; it even gives such readings as *secus*, III, 34 (for *secum*), *tins*, XV, 43 (for *tuis*), and prints at least two lines with the metre incomplete (III, 125, IX, 98). Pages 159-316 are devoted to a discussion of the allegory of the various eclogues and an attempt to fix their dates. The 'Olympia' is referred to the year 1363 or 1364. The editor seems to promise a second edition, with standardized spelling and other concessions to the convenience of the modern reader. May it be available soon.

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Another book which should be mentioned here is a new edition of the *Ecloghe Miste* of Bernardino Baldi. This is carefully edited by DOMENICO CIAMPOLI, from a manuscript in the National Library at Naples. It is number 44 in the series 'Scrittori Nostri' (Lanciani: Carabba, 1914. L. 1.00). These 'mixed' eclogues are always mentioned in histories of the Pastoral, because the author, wishing to get away from the beaten paths, hit upon the idea of blending the manner of Virgil with that of Sannazaro, and introduced, "sometimes shepherds speaking with shepherds, sometimes fishermen with fishermen, sometimes fishermen with shepherds". But his new style was less of a novelty than he or his editors seem to have supposed. The sixth eclogue of Camoens is a dialogue between a shepherd and a fisherman. It is written in 'novo estylo', and is professedly a blending of the manner of Virgil with that of Sannazaro. And in the second eclogue of Antonio Ferreira the speakers are a fisherman and a shepherd.

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LUIGI GRILLI. *Poeti umanisti maggiori* (Città di Castello: S. Lapi, 1914. 336 pp. L. 2.75). This is an attractive little volume of selections from the leading Latin poets of the Renaissance. The authors represented are Angelo Poliziano, Jacopo Sannazaro, and Giovanni Pontano. There is an introduction of 25 pages, and there are explanatory notes on the text, especially on the proper names. The selections are well chosen, and the text is reprinted from good editions. But there are too many misprints, and some of the notes are rather carelessly written. On p. 152 the name 'Craterides' has nothing to do with 'Crati, a river of Calabria'; it comes from 'Crater', a name of the Gulf of Naples. And on p. 155 'saxa Teleboum' surely means the island of Capri.